NOTES FROM LONDON

POLITICAL-JOURNALISTIC-LEGAL

PROM THE RECULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

LONDON, December 21. Lord Randolph Churchill's third speech at Edinburgh was devoted to Ireland. He still manages to refrain from comment on his quondam and perhaps future ally for tactical purposes in the Bouse of Commons, Mr. Parnell. But he has what I suppose must be called a policy in Irish matters-I can imagine an Irishman summing it up in two words-bully and bribe. The last word describes correctly enough one part of Lord Randolph's proposals, "Advance," he says, "public money on the easiest terms for railways, tramways, canals, roads, laborers' dwellings, fisheries and objects of that kind. We owe the Irish a great deal for our had government of them in the past; and if we are not stingy, there are few injuries, however deep, which money will not cure." The Irish may not think this a flattering account of them, but they have themselves to thank if it should be accepted as true. An Englishman would say that the basis of Mr. Parnell's success in Ire and, where it has not been violence, has been plunder; that he has ceeded with the farmers, even with the farmers of Ulster, by direct appeals to unscrupulous enpidity, and that it is only when they begin to doubt whether he has any more to offer that their allegrance to him shows signs of falling off.

The other haif of Lord Randolph's programme is not without merit from the Tory point of view. The Liberals, he says in effect, are always wanting concessions. The Irish believe that anything may be got from Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain if only they make fuss enough. They believe that even Home Rule may be granted if they persevere. They will never be quict till they are disabused of this nction, and the only way, in Lord Randolph's view, to disabuse them is to put the Tory party in power. "I believe," he says, "that the Tory party is not prepared to give way an inch to the Irish party in this matter. . . Let the Irish know that though they cry day and night, though they vex you with much wickedness and harass you with much disorder, though they incessantly divert your attention from your own affairs, though they cause you all manner of trial and trouble, that there is one thing you will detect at once in whatever form or guise it may be presented to you; there is one thing you will never listen to; there is one thing you will never yield to, and that is their demand for an Irish Paritament; and that to their yells for the repeal of the Union you answer with an unchanging, an unchangeable, a unanimous 'No.'"

The weak point in Lord Randolph's appeal is the assumption that the Tories, and they only, can be trusted to utter this unchangeable and unanimous No. He has houself been coquetting with the Parnellites in the House of Commons. Last session and the session before no sight was more common than the consultations between this hope of the Tories and such Irish chiefs as Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar. Nor do I believe that there is any real danger that the Liberals will in the end give way to Irish clamor. No doubt the Liberals have gerous and indefensible kind. Mr. Chamberlah's relations with the Parnellites are as open to suspicion as Lord Randolph Churchill's. Each of those keen politicians is only too ready to score a point at the expense of his enemy by the help of men who are in fact enemies to them, and to all Englishmen, and to the Empire. But neither of them dares go on this litigation. too far. Both of them know that the people of England have made up their minds on the quiestion of trish secession. The: are not to be fright ened, or coaxed, or cajoled, or kicked into acquies cence in any policy involving a break up of the Kingdom.

It is idle, therefore, for Lord Randolph to appeal to Englishmen to put the Tories in power in order to make sure of Ireland. Englishmen know well that they hold in their own hands the ultimate decision of that and every other imperial question. They would turn out of office any party that faltered on that issue. - If Mr. Chamberlain becomes too enterprising, they will turn him out. They would turn Mr. Gladstone himself out, and both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone know it. I am far from meaning to hint that either of them would, in any conceivable emergency, propose or acquiesce in secession. I am only puting an extreme case. I think Mr. Chamberlain quite ready to go, as Lord Randolph says, dangerous lengths. But that is because he knows he not only can but must stop before he becomes identified with the cry for Irish endence. The Laberuls will go out of office some day, but it will not be because they are Home Rulers. They are no more Home Rulers than the Tories. No Tory Viceroy ever governed Ireland more firmly than Lord Spencer. Mr. James Lowther himself was not more resolute than Mr. Trevelyan.

Mr. Forster made one retort in his singularly foreible and sagacious speech at Bradford which may rank with the best of its kind. The Irish went to St. George's Hall to howl down the man who had charged Mr. Parnell with complicity with agrarian crime. They interrupted Mr. Forster, after their manner, with ferocious yells. He bore it till the interruptions threatened to nut an end to his speech. Then he turned to the gallery where the Irish were massed, and said, "As you did not succeed in murdering me in Ireland, you will have to hear me in England." The roar of cheers which choice but to be silent; and for the rest of the evening silent they were.

A well known Liberal, Sir Joseph Pease, has pubfished a protest against the attempt of The Pall army of blackmailers for whom Christmas week is Mall Gazette to extract from the Liberal Members of Parliament, in advance of the session, their opinions on the programme of the session. He declines | ness at ordinary times is to take "orders" from the to answer the catechism put to him, and invites the author of the circular to consider the probable con- the things ordered at the same door a few hours sequences of publishing the returns he may receive. | later. For this service his employer charges an ex-If they show a wide difference of views among Lib- tra price on every purchase made. The assistant erals, the revelation would only add to the strength of the party. With this single objection Sir Joseph conten a himself. The many other obvieus ones of equal force he politely omits to mention, and his reward for this discreet courtesy is not pay. At the next corner came the next beggar to be told by The Pall Mall that his letter is feeble | in the person of a crossing sweeper, but this is a perand timid, and that he has no views, and that he | manent and not a casual form of mendicancy. It is no better than a party back who will do whatever the Whips tell him.

Ner is this all. The Pall Mall, in a leading article sugularly presuming in tone, defends its as nearly as may be to the bar of New-York and circular, and says it is to be supplemented by another. The first duty of a journalist, we are this unobjectionable proposition it deduces another, this public (it is called public for short) is occupied viz., that the way to ascertain opinion is to put questions to public men on public policy. "Hitherto, such inquiries have been limited by an absurd and antiquated conventionality. We are going to change all that." The duty is not merely to infin. ence and interpret public opinion. In future this ambitions journal proposes to keep the leaders of the party "informed what is the state of opinion among their followers on the questions of the day. This duty, hitherto imperfectly performed by the Whips, is now passing into other hands."

The too enterprising conductors of this journal will probably find before long that they are making a mistake. They boast of the number (which they omit to state) of replies they have received to their circular, and this circular they now for the be supposed. There are sentences in it which might simost be called modest. The editor would esteem it a great favor if his correspondent would assist him in ascertaining the opinions of Liberals. He would be much obliged if his request were granted. If any Member wished his views to be regarded as confidential, his wishes were to be strictly respected, or if he has remarks to address to the public (a pretty bait this), they shall be printed. And so on. But beneath all this varnish, the rack and thumbscrew are to be seen. It does not appear that many victims have yielded to the torture and confessed. But the practice is alien to public feeling in England, and a second attempt might be less successful than the first. Under Mr-John Morley, The Pall Mall Gazette did a great deal to raise the level of English journalism. I should

tions, it should lower the standard of the profes. sion. There is something to be learned, no doubt, by English journalism. But to begin by adopting. and extending, and making worse some of the worst practices of journalism elswhere, is not what its friends would like to see done.

The Belt case seems predestined to divide every tribunal before which it is heard. The public took sides desperately. The unanimous verdict of the jury who thought Mr. Belt injured by Mr. Lawes's alleged libel to the extent of £5,000, was received with enthusiasm by one section of society, and with hooting by another. Mr. Baron Huddleston, the judge before whom the case was tried, took a header for the plaintiff. Nearly every artist in London was on the side of the defendant. On the hearing for a new trial, it was easily seen that the three judges who composed the court were not of one mind. Mr. Justice Manisty early hinted that he saw no reason for disturbing the verdict, and then went to sleep. Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Denman discussed the matter with counsel in a tone which signified plainly enough their dissatisfaction with the conduct of the trial by Mr. Baron Huddleston, and with the behavior of the jury. The three took time to consider their judgment. Lord Coleridge went to America with the undischarged burden of the Belt case on his mind. The argument was last Spring. The judgment was not till last Saturday. Lord Coleridge was for a new trial, out and out. Mr. Justice Manisty was against a new trial on any ground. Mr. Justice Denman was for a new trial unless the plaintiff would consent to reduce his damages from £5,000 to £500. The result of this beautiful instance of judicial harmony would therefore have been a new trial, had not Mr. Justice Manisty, in his anxiety to protect the plaintiff's verdict, come round to his brother

Denman's view. His brother Denman's view I must say, whatever may be its merits in other points, proceeded on the legal detion of disregarding t e costs. The sum Mr. Lawes would ave had to pay if the verdict ad stood was £5,000, plus at least £10,000 plaintiff's costs, or £15,000 in all. The sum he would have to pay under Mr. Justice Denman's judgment would be £500, plus £10,000 costs; or in all, £10,500. That is, although the sum awarded by the jury was in this judge's opinion ten times too great, the sum the defendant would be called on to pay, if Mr. Justice Denman's view prevail, is not quite one third less than the first sum. To put it in another way, Mr. Justice Denman thinks Mr. Lawes ought to be fined £500 for saying Mr. Belt was not a sculptor, and his judgment in fact impeses on him a fine of more than twenty times that

All these well meant efforts, however, have come to naught. The plaintiff to-day expressed his readiness to accept the £500 and costs which the court offered him. But the defendant, somewhat to the general surprise, interposed; denied the authority of the court to impose a compromise of this sort on either party, and upset the judgment altogether by a notice of his intention to go to the Court of Appeal. He may go from there to the House of Lords, if, in the court of last resort, he does not made concessions; some of them of a very dan- get a new trial, there is still one other court in which Mr. Lawes can beat Mr. Belt, and that is the Court of Bankruptcy. It is well known that the defendant, though the son of a wealthy man, has no property of his own, and it is not clear how the plaintiff can expect, in the long run, to recover the enormous sum he has spent and is spending G. W. S.

A LONDON HOLIDAY.

WHAT IS TO BE SEEN IN OXFORD-ST. IN CHRISTMAS WEEK.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] LONDON, December 26.

An east wind and a white fog have been bestowed on us for Christmas and for the day following Christmas, erst known as Boxing Day, and now more familiarly as one of those Bank Holidays which the well-meaning benevolence of Parliament, inspired by the kindly zeal of Sir John Lubbock, established as a gift to the working classes. Belonging myself to the working classes I am but moderately grateful for the gift. The out-door hilarity of the Londoner, which these festivals are | within sight of the green expanse of Hyde Park, or meant to promote, is a melarcholy thing to witness. I have just seen two miles of it, and I sit down to write in a state of depression which I will not try to impart to my readers. The east wind and white fog have little or nothing to do with the matter. PerThursday morning declared his pleasure at finding hans they rather improve the situation, for they diminish the number of people in the streets, and they faintly screen the monotonous misery of the highways. The shops are shut. They were shut yesterday; some of them were shut the day before that which was Monday: all of them were shut on the Sunday, and no small number had closed at 2 p. m. on Saturday, some to remain closed till the Thursday following, which is to-morrow So far as externals go, here are at least three Sundays in four days, and all the world knows that a London Sunday to one who steps outside his own front door, if he be happy enough to have a front door of his own, is not a cheerful thing.

The first man I saw in the street was a beggar. The second was a beggar. It was a firm of beggars, or perhaps they were the representatives of a firm of beggars. One of them was coming up the steps followed showed the Parnellites that they had no of an area. The other had in his hand a ruled paper something like the ruled schedule of an omnibus conductor, with black spaces for names and sums of money received. The third man, three steps further on, belonged, like the first two, to the innumerable one organized campaign against the peaceful householder. He was a tradesman's assistant. His busicook or housekeeper at the area door, and to deliver none the less expects you at Christmas to pay him a fee for having done his employer's work, and it was this fee which this third man was now colassails you daily, and a dozen or a score of times daily. Before I have gone a hundred yards I come upon a public-house; an institution which answers other American cities; a bar, generally, of a humble kind, humble even when it calls itself a gin paltold, is to ascertain what public opinion is. From | ace. It is barely noon, but the sidewalk in front of by a committee, considerable in number, who have made it their duty, even at this early hour, to taste and test the quality of the beer dispensed within the battered swinging doors, half ground glass, of this establishment. Three cabs-two hansoms and one four-wheeler-are drawn up at the curb; the drivers of them drinking inside.

Bank Holiday is a Sunday and something more My two miles' walk is along an avenue of closed shutters. There are people on the sidewalks, but the animation and gayety which enliven the busy thoroughfares of the West End of a week day are utterly gone out of them. The throngs you meet to-day belong to a different world. The East End has migrated to the West. If you care to study, as the fashion is to-day, the social problem, you can do first time publish. This is more cautious than might | it with facility. The social problem, tired of waiting to be investigated in its own slums, has come to meet you. If Sir Charles Dilke were in London, we might read in to-morrow's papers that, instead of visiting St. Luke's, he had patrolled Oxford-st.

the district, but as soon as the public-house is passed I meet the head of a long procession which has already made the long journey from Shoreditch and Lime-house to Tyburnia.

The Frenchman in search of types may find more than he will care to enumerate. I have seen them all often enough, and I half believe I recognize three or four times a year not only the type but the individual. I meet him to-day at the first step into the highway known as the Bayswater Road. He has a n unwholesome, palled face, seamed and patched with unwholesome red; pimpled, foul with dirt through which the dirty white shows. He is be sorry to suppose that under its present manage- dirt through which the dirty white shows. He is But the reporter did not

ment, which certainly has none but honorable inten | under-sized and under-fed; vice and misery in every feature, in his shambling walk, in the hungry leer with which he passes you. He is never alone When he makes an incursion into the regions of civilization, he brings a companion, exactly as a policeman takes another policeman when he patrols Whitechapel. His clothes are of a fashion which it would be an affectation of useless civility to describe as second-hand. You perceive that the second-hand clothing business is of a wholesale kind as well as retail, and that the superior dealer sells to the inferior, who again has a lower stage of enstomers, and of these our friends of to-day bny. It is the same with the women of the same class They wear bonnets and gowns which have served more than one wearer before, and you may see more than one gown which in its better days has been a hall dress. The faded and tattered raiment is all the more dreary to look at because it was once elegant or splendid. With the men this transformation of the costume of polite society into the covering of ragamuffins produces an effect hardly less repelling-perhaps more so. It is what the Continental European always comments on. The man thus clad, costermonger, mere ruffian, or honest workingman, is not only ill-clad, with an indescribable air of foulness, but he is absurd. twice and thrice-worn coat degrades him. As Taine long since said, a being who rigs himself out in such clothes confesses that he is the refuse or residuum of society. M. Taine adds, with a true and right feeling, that a French peasant or French workingman is in France a man unlike men of other classes, but not inferior; his blouse is his own, as the gentleman's coat is his own; it has never been worn by anybody else. But an English artisan who hides his nakedness with the cast-off raiment of others announces himself their inferior.

Mingling with these are a less wretched but even more grotesque set of men. This stunted, shrivelled, swaggering cad is clerk to a small shopkeeper hard by Petticoat-lane, of the Jewish persuasic He marches by companies of threes; all loud-talking, two smoking. Their clothes are not secondhand, but they reck of the slop-shop; they are illfitting, and of foolish pattern; huge checks, bright colors, with pockets where it puzzles you to think how a man's hand can reach. If there is any more cheerful variety of human being, it is the few boys who are to be met, to whom holiday means vacation, and who are doing their best to make believe it is a fine day and to be merry. The Etonian goes by in his strange travesty of grown-up raiment: tall silk hat, black jacket, black waistcoat, black silk tie in a sailor's knot, broad white linen collar turned over his jacket, light trousers rather too small for him. One little chap, not from Eton but a shoot from some private shop for learning, stumps past in a flat Oxford cap by the side of a huge papa, something in the cheese and bacon line, enorm stont and shapeless, in a coat of black broadcloth, double-breasted, garment worn of no Englishman in the morning unless he come from behind a counter. The papa rolls and plunges along with a movement that threatens to capsize the boy at his knee; but does not. There are plenty of women in the crowd; decent and indecent. The most hopeless sight of the whole day is a young and pretty woman leading by the hand a child of whom she looks too young to be the mother, her cheeks flaming red, her conner on one side-not, I should say, a professional street-walker, but, whatever she be, reeling drunk in Oxford-st. at noon of this Christmas holiday.

Along half the length of Oxfora-st, and the whole of Bond-st., just four shops are open. You may buy candy or cigars, at your enoice; no other viand or article of luxury or necessity whatever, except, of course, beer and spirits. In the half mile from the Marble Arch to the top of Bond-st. there are, as I count, eleven houses for the sale of these liquid refreshments, every one of them open, of course, every one doing a roaring trade. They are full inside, and there is an overflow about the doors of each; loafing men and women who have been and are now debating whether they shall repeat their visit or go on to the next. It is, I am told, the quality of the beer which determines this delicate question, for there is no Briton, male or female, drunk or sober, who has not an opinion about beer. The ordinary scavenger services are suspended, as if it were hopeless to make head against the flood of filth which oozes along the pavement. The sidewalks are defiled. The roadway is almost as muddy at certain points as the best swept streets of New-York. All this in one of the best parts of London in pretentious streets,-nay, in Mayfair itself.

-28th. One of the sequels of the Bank Holiday is to be sought in the police court reports. Mr. not a single case of drunkenness. It was very gratifying, continued the excellent Alderman, to know that the state of education in the present day was such that the people knew how to enjoy themselves in a reasonable manner. But he paid hom age to truth by adding that he believed this beautiful condition of things had never occurred before. The people of this country and their system of education must be supposed to have arrived at this state of perfection in a single year-nay, in some five months, for the last Bank Holiday was in August. People of a less optimistic turn of mind will note that it is only in the Guildhall Police will note that it is only in the 'Juliahali Poice Court, in the City itself, that the millennum has reached its full splendor. At Bow Street there were fourteen charges of the kind known as drunk and disorderly; at Marylebone, twenty-six; at Southwark, twenty-seven; at Hammersmith, twenty-three. The immoderate drinker of the City went west, as we saw before, for his enjoyment. In some cases he went still further toward the setting sun. He was to be found in the country. He always is on such occasions. A grieved father writes to the papers from Walton that he took his boys for a quiet walk round by Cobham, Esher and Hersham (the last two places which the prudent cockney avoids pronouncing). But the walk was less quiet than he had hoped. "Our way," cries the grieved father, "was cambered with drunken men as a battlefield is with dead and wounded, the dead being represented by the drunk and incapable lying in the ditches, and the wounded by the drunken staggerers whom we met, usually in couples, shouting and singing in a maudlin manner and making day hideous with their horrid language." Truly, as the grieved father says, a depressing spectacle. The only thing I can add to my gloomy narrative is that I have given the gloomy side of the picture and that only. There is a brighter side, but what I have written is simply, except for three police court items, added since, an account of what I saw and of what made the strongest inneression on me during a half hour's Court, in the City itself, that the millennium has except for these police court items, added since account of what I saw and of what made strongest impression on me walk on a holiday morning. me during a half hour's

PATTI'S FONDNESS FOR BIRDS.

THE PETS SHE LEAVES BEHIND HER WHEN SHE TRAVELS.

It was during Madame Patti's recent absence from the city that a TRIBUNE reporter happened to be in a bird-store on Sixth-ave, just above Twenty-third-st. He was watching a blue and red macaw with a malign expression and a damaged tall, who was trying to erack his partner's head, using his victous-looking beak as the nut-crackers do. Suddenly a voice in accents by no means sweet cried in his car, "Kiss me! Kiss me quick! The reporter turned round at the graceless invitation. and saw a gray parrot with a red head trying to comm capital punishment on himself with the bars of his hand-some cage. He looked a virtuous and a high-minded bird, and the last in the world to have made any remark of such a nature. The reporter's eye wandered about the of such a nature. The reporter's eye wandered about the store trying to find out any one likely to have spoken, and had just made up his mind that it was a rude street boy outside, when the placed bird man remarked. That was Ben Butler." The reporter started and instinctively assumed an attitude of defence. "Oh, don't be alarmed," said Mr. Holden, "it's a bird;" and ne pointed to the gray and red parrot, which had quit strangling himself and was hanging upside down and making frantic efforts to bend himself so us to chew his own tail feathers.

"He belongs to Patti," continued the proprietor, "wh "He belongs to Fact. contains a say and the bought him from us a month or two ago. She bought another at the same time and gave us \$500 for one and \$500 for the other, so you can imagine that they are good birds. Ben Butler in especial has the choicest of vocabularies and when he once begins to talk there is no knowing what he will say before he gets through."

Is Madame Patti fond of birds ?"

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND.

THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER. To think that all the light, warmth, mirrors and plenty at Delmonico's should be, and the owner and master wander, perhaps, over frozen marshes and among gypsy camps or lie at the bottom of some salty sinice, food for the shellfish that had made his sauces! They say he was carefully educated and possessed a valuable library of cook-books and epicurean literature and could give one a meal after the exact style of Julius Casar, Cæsar's taste and resources now may not" patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw." Many a homeless vagrant, resting his elbows on the iron railing around Delmonico's windows, gazed within upon the comfortable cheer and never knew he was richer than the host in that his mind was within his ruined hat and not abroad upon the pathless tracks of lunacy.

"And travellers now within that valley "And travellers now within that val Through the red-litten windows see Vast forms that move fantastically To a discordant melody, Widtle, like a ghastly, rapid river-Through the pale door

A hideous throng rush out forever.

And laugh—but smile no more."

Families have their ups and downs. The Poppen husens have recently lost their chief, but had mean time recovered their fortune made in gutta-percha but sunk in the Long Island Railroad. It has been told that this German family rose in a whalebone store of New-York, where the chief porter occasionally took a chance to corner some whalebone and wait for a rise. When the whales gave out and rubber was substituted for overalls instead of umbrellas, the Poppenhusens were ready for enterprise, and they speedily controlled the percha patents and manufacture and built at College Point a handsome city with their own villa in the midst. Desiring to control the railroad interest between them and the city, they took up the Long Island Ratiroad in association with the Havemeyers, and both families met with mishaps, though both are rejuvenated. Then the Drexels played much the same part in the Long Island Railroad that they have done in the Northern Pacific: advancing money and taking the bonds until it was necessary to foreclose to recover their money. time Mr. Austin Corbin from a quiet beginning as a country banker had come forward as the pioneer of sopular watering-places, and had the money and the packing not only to pick up the Long Island Railroad, but Long Island itself, and he is making dividends on the

The Havemeyers are considered to be the most power ful factors in sugar in America, if not in the world, through their possession of secrets in both chemicals and machinery which enable them to prepare the sugar at less expense and perhaps better than anybody in the world. Here is another family of plain Germans which by thorough training and apprenticeship has become eminent in all departments of this city, ruling it through Mayor's office and purging it of the abuses which crept in under Tweed. Another German family here which has ruled a neighboring city and achieved large private fortunes is the Kaibfleisches, was originated in Holland, though the present generation were born in Connecticut. Mr. Daniel Conover, the magnate of the cross-town rollroads, is the uncle of Mrs. Kalbfleisch.

I was speaking to Mr. Conover a few weeks ago about the convenience, if not necessity, of more cross-town lines. At present no railway crosses the city between Iwenty-third-st, and Fifty-ninth-st, except the Thirtyfourth-st. line, which does not come right across town but dribbles its way toward Brooklyn through many streets; from Broadway and Thirty-fourth-st. a very short link would connect this railroad with the Fourthave. line to the Hunter's Point Ferry. There is no way to get to Hunter's Point Ferry now but to come down to Twenty-third-st. and go back eleven blocks. Mr. Conover said: " I think a great abuse in this city is the exist ence of a number of courts, substantially the same in jurisdiction, under the disguise of a number of names The Superior Court, the Supreme Court, and the Court of Common Pleas hardly differ at all. Consequently there is no end to litigation after the substantial points at issue have been decided. Some time ago I went through the steps to secure a railroad across the city at Forty-second-st. Persons who did not object to the railroad, but wanted to have a hand in its ownership, began litigation, and kept me one year in a court. The case was decided in my favor, and I then landed at the river-ends all my material to build the railroad without delay. Going into a court of another grade but under another name an injunction was gotten out and I had to take away my material and stay another year in the courts, and now I am told that they threaten me with a third court under a still different name." "What is your solution I" said I. That all these courts ought to be called by the same name and the action of one of them be conclusive.

well as in aristocracy. The New-York and Harlem Railroad was the wedge by which both the New-York Central and the New-Haven railroads forced their way down the Island of New-York, and the Harlem came as far as the Tombs Prison. When the New-York and Harlem was started it was thought to be the great line of the metronolis, striking in one direction Albany, and giving access to the Boston highways. The city was then far downtown, and where the Tombs Prison stands and the old Harlem Railroad station lifts its grimy head was as far out as Twenty-sixth-st. became in after years when a station was advanced thither. But charters live their full lives out, and we see to this day the laden trains running down Fourth-ave. nearly to the Brooklyn Bridge, and street-car passengers paying tolls to the Harlem Railroad, while meantime a great depot has been outlt at Forty-second-st., which is the common funnel for nearly everything to the north of this island, and its builder succeeded in setting further rights of way under the ground and the aid of the city to build them until property interest is as supreme in vantage on this island as three centuries ago would have beenthe castle of some great feudal family, overruling this town with its secret and sunken ways of egress. Tunnel enterprises unde the Hudson River have up to this time been chiefly experimental, but by controlling the valleys of the Brons and Harlem rivers and the water sides of both the Hudson and the East rivers, the transportation power as sembled at the Grand Central Depot possesses more wealth than any assemblage of interests on the island. Science and capital may outwit this power yet and bring upon this island the cargoes which are now piled on the further side of the Hudson.

Apropos of Mr. Villard, I was running over with Henry Watterson some time ago the record of the war correspondents. Watterson said: "I was a correspondent in both armies during the war; I began at Washington City, where I was raised, as one of Colonei Forney's corres-pondents, but some time afterward got to Tennessee, where my parents originated, and there I published a flying sheet in the Confederate armies until, after the war, I removed to Louisville and established The Courier." Among the war correspondents who are still living are Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer; Willtam D. Bickham, who owns a newspaper property worth \$100,000 at Dayton, Ohio; William Swinton, who has made \$30,000 a year by composing school books; Thomas W. Knox, who brings out a book at least once year; J. B. McCullagh, the Editor of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, whose interest there amounts to \$15,000 a year; George W. Smalley, the London correspondent; Nathaniel Paige, who has become rich in State Depart ment law cases; Solomon Bulkeley, the treasurer of John M. Starin's transportantion and summer resorenterprises; Edmund C. Stedman, who is likely to rise out of his late difficulties; Samuel Ward, who accompanied Bull Run Russell in the light of a friend, but eally worked for our State Department all the time fatthfully; and Mr. Villard.

With the opening of the West Shore Railroad to Buffalo here are five railroads crossing this State longitudinally, he most northern of which, the Rome, Ogdensburg and Ningara, is probably to be connected with the Grand Trunk by another cautilever bridge. It is believed that in course of time the Lehigh Valley Rallroad will also build on the line of its surveys to Buffalo and Niagara If we count the Buffalo and Philadelphia Railroad, there are six lines already concentrating on the Niagara River while all the rest of the lines crossing the continent from the Atlantic number hardly as many. out three lines that are consequential, the Pennsylvania Baltimore and Ohio, and Chesapeake and Ohio. Danville system has one high-grade outlet across the western mountains in North Carolina, and southwest of that are two railroads coming out about Chattanoega.

I see a statement that the Vanderbilt conl and coke line arough Southern Pennsylvania is likely to buy the Hardsburg and Potomac Railroad. This is a smart dittle property, which runs up the valley of the Yellow Breeches Creek, a considerable stream, to Shippensburg n the Cumberland Valley, a distance of probably thirty five miles. Shippensburg is close to the inlet of the North Mountain, up which the Vanderbilt road will take Ite; way.

I see that Mr. Albert Lamar has been succeeded in The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph by Mr. P. Alexander The latter was the most popular of the Southern correspondents during the war, and soon after its termination he became

ceeded Governor Bullock in the affairs of Georgia. He is a man of careful attire and finished address. Mr. Lamar, a member of the general family of that name, at the head of which was Howell Cobb, served as clerk of the Coufederate Congress during most of the war.

The enormous increase of litigation is a subject of public apprehension, showing a predatory spirit among the people and the lawyers. The law is a device to keep the peace, so as to prevent robbery and blows, but the peace, like other elements of civilization, has become costly. While once men became great generals and swept over the laws, now they become great lawyers and are more terrible than the enemy. A friend told me that some time ago a trade-mark of his was adopted by a distant firm of manufacturors, and imitated by another firm equally distant. His customers, who controlled his business in that quarter, appealed to him for redress. Both the infringers were confident and went to law. Before the case ever came to trial it was found that the law expenses for one infringer amounted to about \$3,500, and his ardor began to cool when he reckoned that if he had successfully purioned the trademark he could not have made that amount of money in four years; so he settled by paying the legal fees on the other side, which amounted to \$2,200 more, thereby losing the expected profits of six years' work. The other side then settled on a similar basis. Arbitration has become very common among business men threatening suit, a respectable neutral or mutual friend consenting to save the litigants time, money and passion

Miss Emma Straiton, of this city, writes a letter from Seville describing the Government eigar factory of Spain, 700 feet long and almost as wide, very dirty, and in the vestibule 250 young girls making cigarettes, all talking as loud as they want to; 100 girls in the next room doing the same, and on the next floor 3,000 women as close as sardines in a box, in a single room, making cigars, some having their babies with them not a month old, and dogs lying on the tobacco stems. The women were divided up into sevens at each table, three on each side and the mistress at the top. Around each table were shelves against stone pillars, on which lay children's shoes, socks and clothes. There were stone jars of water here and there for drinking, and the air was stifling, and the buzz of conversation only broken by the wall of the babies. The flooring was dilapidated and it was possible for an incautious visitor to fall through. Two other side apartments 100 feet long were both packed with laborers. The factory consumes 10,000 pounds of tobacco a day and employs over 5,000 persons, who receive 50 cents a day for twelve hours' work. The matron at each table gets her pay from the women she commands. The girls and the superintendents had very little manners.

A tobacco man in this city tells me that the usually splendid tobacco crop of Wisconsin was frosted by the short season last year, and only about 15,000 cases were saved, of which 4,000 cases are housed at Stoughton in the warehouse of a New-York eigar-making firm. For tions of the Pennsylvania tobacco seemed to mildew when suspended, at those parts which rested upon the beams of wood. We now export cigars and tobacco from New-York to Tahiti, through San Francisco.

Mr. R. P. Flower, the banker, who is a Democrat, said

to me recently: "I consider the threatened agitation of the tariff question to be a potent cause of the disturbance in confidence, and the knocking off of labor in a great many districts which might else keep the people active As to Mr. Hewitt's remark, 'We want the raw materials free and the product taxed," he does not state what the raw material is; in this city the coarse cotton cloth is the raw material for us; in Pennsylvania tin plate is the raw material out of which they manufacture cans, etc.; yet tin plate is a manufactured article in one aspect, being made of iron and tin, while cotton cloth on which we print is a step above the raw cotton. Now," said [Mr Flower, "we could do very well along the scaboard by bringing in the raw material, such as wool from Australia and pig iron from Spain; it would be cheaper for us than to pay the railroad freights from the interior of the country; but where is that going to beave people who own iron-ore beds and farmers who shear American wool ! Don't you see that this system must either be national or get disturbed at every point ! Smith Weed, for instance, who makes from on Lake Champlain, would not agree to let us bring as the raw material a higher grade of iron ore from Canada, which would drive his out of the market. I think it is perfectly easy," said Mr. Flower, " to reduce taxation sixty millions without interfering with labor at all. We might take thirty millions off tobacce, two millions off sugar, half a million off hu man hair," and he enumerated a series of articles, such as potatoes, that I do not remember. He added: " Before this agitation against the manufactures goes far, the Presidential nomination will not be a very sanguine thing in the party stirring it up." Mr. Flower said that the manufacturing centre at New-York represented one thousand millions of dollars, and those centred at Philadelphia represented seven hundred millions of dollars.

The question was raised recently whether Henry Ward teacher was younger or older than his sister, Mrs. It was found that Mrs. Stowe was born in 1812 and Mr. Beecher in 1813; he is a little more than one year the younger. Catharine Beecher was born nearly twelve years before her better-known sister. Cathorine lost her lover, Professor Fisher, of Yale Coleck, when she was still very young, Mrs. Stowe married, it appears, a widower, if we are to trust Mr E. D. Manstield's Memories, which say that " Pro fessor Stowe had for a first wife a handsome New-England lady." Mr. Stowe was ten years older than his wife, who wrote her great work at the age of forty, and her second important novel, " Dred," at the age of forty-The Beecher family seem to owe their literary vitality to their transplantation to the West, where their father, Lyman Beecher, went about 1832, and he remained there many years. Mrs. Stowe lived in Cincin nati about seventeen years, or till the time that she planned " Uncle Tom," which novel was not drawn from Eastern or Virginia slave sources, but from Kentucky, and the escaping slaves who came up through Ohio and Indiana. Among these was " Eliza Harris," whose feat of crossing the river with her child on floating cakes of tee is fully testified to in the recently published reminiscences of Levi Coffin, the president of the Western Underground Rathroad, who sheltered her at his house.

The New-York and New-England Railroad might have paid its fixed charges and kept out of a receiver's hands hal the rates of freight it received been consistent with the amount it carried. The Pennsylvania Railroad gave it a very large portion of its Boston traiffe, but the New-England baul being very short compared to the long hand from the West, the fraction the young road received was too little in the aggregate to meet the interest, taxes,

I find in business circles a great difference of opinion concerning the benefit or injury of cheap interest. successful man told me that it was unfortunate in every respect that 2 or 3 per cent instead of 6 or 7 per cent had prevailed, since it lost us the benefit of a stable, refined, domestic class, who had about settled down to steady habits and the encouragement of social and in tellectual things, but were now compelled to bluster about and find some means of meeting expenses. An other equally successful man told me that the evil was local and not national. Said he: "The rate of interest in West and South is not what it is in New-York. At Vicksburg, Miss., money earns 18 per cent a year; in New-York 2 per cent; at Dayton, Ohio, 7 per cent can be obtained; further Northwest 10 per cent is the ratio. Now, the remedy for this state of things, I conceive, is a change in the basis of National banking. Under the old system of things in New-York, mortgages to the amount f three-fifths of the value of farms and real estate were permitted to be loaned upon by any funds or societies ontrolled by the State. No money was ever lost under that system. In several of the States a similar condition of things exists. There is no reason why mortgages to the amount of three-fifths of the real value of plantations, when accepted and indorsed by a State Government, should not be taken by the National Government as a portion of the basis of banking. Let the proportion be one-half of Government bonds, and one-half these State-secured mortgages. Then," said my informant, instead of money settling around the neart here it would go off and equalize its ratio through the country, whereas now it flows right back here where we don't want it, and from the places where they want it badly,

The failure of the New-York and New-England Railroad suggests Mr. James H. Wilson, its late president, who is, if I do not mistake, the same gentleman who captured Jeft Davis in the southern part of Georgia. Sometimes it is easy to mistake a personality in a name, but I think there is little doubt that General Wilson is the same per son. He is a native of Illinois, went to West Point, and was put in the engineer corps the year before the rebeilion. He and General Horace Porter were together at the capture of Fort Pulaski, below Savannah, and it is somewhat singular that almost the same day which signalizes the completion of General Porter's railroad to Buffalo should bring the news of the relapse of the New-York and New-England Railroad, not through any imperfection of management but from its disabilities in the way of cost and tardiness in inception. Vanderbilt seized access to New-York Island before he died, and while the Boston, Hartford and Eric Rallroad was struggling with debt, fraud and the buge obstacles of nature which latter are seen in their greatness across New-England, and especially in Western Connecticut. route from New-York to Buffalo follows the course of the the secretary and adviser of Governor Smith, who suc- rivers; from New-York to Boston the route crosses the

rivers and ranges. General Wilson went to McClellan after the capture of Pulaski, as General Porter was sent for by Grant to assist in the reduction of Vicksburg. In course of time Wilson also joined Grant and was promi-nent about Vicksburg. He then went in with Sheridan and did a prodigious amount of work of the same class which has made Sheridan the General of the Army. He was in the pursuit of Hood and in the battle of Nashville; he captured Selma, Alabama, on a great raid, received the surrender of Montgomery, of Columbus, Georgia, and of Macon, and finally took Jeff Davis in the woods toward Florida. In a campaign of twenty-eight days he cap-tured five fortified cities, twenty-three stands of colors, two hundred and eighty-eight gans, and sixty-eight hundred and twenty prisoners. At the close of the war he took charge of the engineering works and defences on several of our rivers, and in 1870 was honorably discharged at his own request with the rank of Lieutenant-Coionel in the Regular Army, and Major-General of Volinteers. He became chief engineer of the Gilbert or Metropolitan Elevated Railroad, which was designed to co-operate with the New-York and New-England road and if possible bring the latter further into the city than the old railroad to Boston could come.

Trustworthy information from Ohio is that Pendleton's Civil Service bill played no real part in his defeat, but was merely an excuse for it. Any other act of his would have been taken up just as actively. They might even, in the absence of another reminiscence, have twitted him with his greenback and Government bond record, because the Payne family and the younger McLean never took any hand in Pendleton's old financial heresies. The elder McLean has not been on the spot during the conflict, and his son always nots upon his own initiative. Mr. Pendieton was beaten for two reasons: first, the feeling that he was aristocratic and ambitious; next, that he had antagonized the new influences in the party at home

The younger Ohio Democracy two years ago took up Mr. Bookwalter, a wealthy manufacturer, young and itheral-minded. The mossbacks, fucluding both Pendle ton and Thurman, resented his nomination, and after he was beaten through the influence of Garffeld's death, John G. Thompson reassailed him in his newspaper at Columbus. Mr. Bookwalter is a determined man, and last June when a new State Committee was to be formed he presented them with a considerable sum of money to be used as they saw fit. The Committee had been made up against Pendleton, and its members forthwith assisted to elect a Legislature upon the single point that Pendle-ton should not be re-elected to the Senate. Colonel Oliver Payne assisted to make the State Committee solid. Mr. Pendleton had no real friends on that Committee, though be believed he had.

In 1880, when Mr. Payne's friends believed that be ought to have the Presidential nomination and could earry Ohlo, Mr. Pendleton thrust the claims of Sepator Thurman forward, aithough at that time the Payne flial nterest had accumulated in the Southern States, in New-York and elsewhere a considerable Payne support. John McLean never liked Pendleton, and he united with the Payne interest, reserving to himself the work of carrying the metropolitan county of Hamilton at his own expense, while the Paynes were able to take care of the important county of Cuyahoga (Cleveland), and the chairman of the State Committee, "Dave" Paige, has een a Payne man for many years. Pendleton has posed as a rather nervy politician, but the sequel shows that he did not know the ground he was standing on.

Mr. Payne will not take his seat until the day the next President is inaugurated, and meantime will probably be pressed carnestly for the Presidency, although some of the influences which elected him Senator slightly adhere Payne is a protective tariff man of the Randall school, and the influences which elected him were nearly all in favor of Randall for Speaker. Payne was a Douglas Democrat, was a strong war man, and has been in manufactures half his life. McLean's father was brought up in the factories and in earlier life was a boiler-maker. Ohio has passed into a new dispensation, and it was almost superfluous for Thurman to have written a letter consigning himself to the fomb of the old Capulets, since the prestige of his name was merely a passing device used for a while to beat Pendleton.

Mr. Hewitt is the person who may well look askant at the coming forward of Payne, a manufacturer who probably does not believe in free raw materials, who is not intinical to Mr. Tilden, and who has a son-in-law in the midst of the New-York Democratic counsels. Mr. Payne's age may be harped upon, but he is only seventythree, while Gindstone is seventy-five and is at the head of the British Government. Mr. Payne at seventythree compares physically with Mr. Tilden like a man of fifty, though he is a little older. General Harrison comes the nearest to the Presidents to resembling Mr. Payne in general mould and composition; both tall men, both utet end careful and grave, and each well-beloved in his family and neighborhood circle.

Thurman, Pendleton, and rejected men of that era suffer from the new Democratic generation because they have never since the war recognized any of the benefits conferred upon our country by Lincoln's accession. To them it was a foreign, a Northern, a Puritan party which had done these things, and the flag of the country, carried in the van of radical battle, seemed to them not exactly the same imperial bunting which had sheltered on of his slaves. They went to the Senate as from some Babylonish captivity, never to thank God aloud that the dark inconsistency had been removed from the land. Southern men like " Ben " Hill openly did this; the Northern doughface did not. House the at tempts to steal a march on the advanced party, and preempt Civil Service bore the inconsistency of that Pha usee ism at the time the Master spoke his terrific censure: " Woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye compassed and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him twofold nore the child of hell than yourselves!" One proselyte seems to be the extent in this quarter of the country.

You must have seen him,-a targe, smooth-faced, redulous looking man, generally standing in front of some gin-mill, and formerly dressed in fashionable cut, ater with vestiges of the gentleman but somewhat run down. He needed no introduction, spoke to you from mutual sympathy, and gave you all his confidence at once. It is now nine years since he betrayed to me the great purpose of his life: to drink up all the liquor in the city and keep it from doing any further barm. As he said it I saw the fire of a great moral intent in his eye. Said 1: " Oh! you cannot drink all that!" " I will do it." said he, " or perish! Don't underestimate me. I belong to a family of great will. My father has died and left me a hundred thousand, all in each. I have no wife. This thing is doing harm. The law cannot put a stop to it: I intend to drink it all up."

He was then perhant twenty-eight; weighed 175 sounds, and had a peculiarly affable yet credulous some thing in his look. He never was drunk: a physical constitution alone that kept him tough and florid. From year to year I saw him, always just going in or just coming out of a bar-room. He knew me and gave his head the shake. "Oh, I'm doing it. I have got away with almost half of it." "I fear you will fail." said I, " at there is so much of it." " Keep your eye on me," he said; this evil shall be drunk off the face of the earth! Sometimes I would miss him for a year or two, and it pained me to observe after these intervals that some havor had been made to his flue physique and he would now and then cough a little. "Don't discourage me," he would say: "somebody has to do it, and I accepted the great trust." Then he would dive into a saloon and apply himself eincerely to the self-appointed work. More than once I reasoned with him, taking the privilege of a friend, though I never knew his name. " Divide the labor up," I said; " it is too much even for you. " " No," he answered, " it might burt another man, but I shall got away with it. From statistics I must have drauk nearly two-thirds of it up now. "

At last I saw him come out of a place and lean squinet the pillar at the gilded door. His dress was shabby, his complexion muddy, little remained but the old childlike credulity and the reformer's proud flash of the bloodshotten eyes. "It will kill me," he said. "I hordly think I can survive it. But it is almost all gone now. matter of only a few gailons left. Haven't I hung to it like a man ! If I should fall trying to get away with the small quantity remaining, won't you do justice to my motives " His hand trembled on the shattered nerves as he spoke, and tears came to his eyes. "They ought not to say hard things of me," he faltered, " because I have put all my tather left me into this great work. You know what my health was: have I spared it ! Love. books, rows of houses, everything. I have let slide to carry out this noble endeavor. Do you think I will fall I" He borrowed the first quarter from me be bad ever asked, saying. "That is my only weak point. If my money had lasted I think my health would." "Said !: Tell me now, have you met no person that you thought was competing with you in this original enterprise I' He whispered from his feverish lungs as he disappeared into the dive: "They all started at it from a noble purpose. Do justice to the motives of every one of them. Charity, Charity to oll," he said, and disappeared.

THE DANGERS FROM THE FASHION OF KILLING IN KENTUCKY.

IN KENTUCKY.

From The New York Commercial Advertiser.

Not ling but the temptation of Henry Watterson's character society would ever induce Mr. Marat Habstead to venture across the river. And yet there are statistics to prove that a great many Ohio men have been over into Kenincky and returned in safety. In five or six cases out of ten when Halstead gues over to see Watterson he gets back alivé.